tine from his foremana, the mise, which had been repeated to him from the company's of ficein San Francisco. It read, "Come at once



"Two Men of Sandy Bar." &c.

(Copyright, 1895, by Bret Harte.)

CHAPTER VII.-(Concluded.) They stood looking at each other. But Collinson was already himself again. The man of simple directness and no imagination saw only his wife before him-a little breath less, a little flurried, a little dishevelled from rapid riding, as he had sometimes seen her before, but otherwise unchanged. Nor had he changed; he took her up where he had left her years ago. His grave face only broad-ened into a smile as he held both her hands

'Yes ,it's me-Lordy! Why, I was comin only to-morrow to find ye, Sadie!"
She glanced burriedly around her "To-

to find me?" she said incredulously. "Sartin! That ex I was goin' to ask about ye-goin' to ask about ye at the convent. "At the convent?" she echoed with a fright ened amazement.

"Yes, why, Lordy, Sudje-don't you see! You thought I was dead, and I thought you was dead, that's what's the matter. But I never reckoned you'd think me dead until Chivers allowed that it must be so." Herface whitened in the moonlight, "Chivers?" she said blankly.

"In course, but nat'rally you don't know him, honcy. He only saw you one't, But it was along o' that, Sadle, that he told me be reckoned you wasn't dead, and told me how to find you. He was mighty kind and con-sarned about it and he even allowed I'd betterstin off to you this very night." Chivers," she repeated, gazing at her hus-

band with bloodless lips. "Yes, an awful purty-spoken man. Ye'll have to get to know him, Sadie. He's here with some of his folks az hez got inter trouble-I'm forgettin' to tell ye. You

"Yes, yes, yes!" she interrupted hysterically: "and this is the mill?"

"Yes, lovey, the mill-my mill-your mill—the house I built for you dear. I'd show it to you now, but you see, Sadie,I'm out here standin' guard."

'Are you one of them?" the said, clutching his hand desperately. "No, dear," he said soothingly, "no, only you see, I giv' my word to 'em as I giv' my house to night and I'm bound to protect

them and see them through. Why, Lordy Sadie, you'd have done the same-for Chivers. "Yes, yes," she said, beating her hands together strangely, "of course. He was so kind to bring me back to you. And you

neight have never found me but for him She burst into an hysterical laugh, which the simple-minded man might have overlooked but for the tears that coursed down her bloodless face.
"What's gone o' ye, Sadie?" he said in

a sudden fear, grasping her hands. "That laugh ain't your'n-that voice ain't your'n. You're the old Sadie, ain't ye? He stopped. For a moment his face blanched as he clanced toward the mill, from which the faint sound of bacebaralian voices can to his quick ear, "Sadie, dear, ye ain" anything agin' me? Ye ain't allowiu' I'm keeping anythin' back from

Her face stiffened into rigidty; she dashed the tears from her eyes. "No," she said quickly. Then after a moment she added with a faint laugh. "You see we haven't seen each other for so long-it's all so suc den-so unexpected."

"But you kem here just now calkilatin tofind me." said Collinson, gravely.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly, still grasp ing both his hands, but with her head slightly turned in the direction of the mill.

But who told ye where to find the mill?

he said, with gentle patience.
"A friend," she said, hurriedly, "Perhaps," she added with a singular smile, "a friend of the friend who told you."

"I see," said Collinson with a relieved face and a broadening smile, "it's a sort of

fairy story. Fil bet, now, it was that old Barker woman that Chivers knows." Her teeth gleanied rigidly together in the moonlight like a death's head. said dryly, "it was that old Barker woman Say, Seth," she continued, moistening her lips slowly, "you're guarding this

"Thar's another fellow up the trail-a try-but don't you be afeared, he can't hear us. Sadie.

"On this side of the mill?" "Yes. Why. Lord love ye, Sadle, t'other side o' the mill it drops down straight to the valley; nobody comes that way but poor low-down emigrants. And it's miles round to come by the valley from the summit.

"You didn't hear your friend Chivers say that the sheriff was out with his posse to "No. Did you?"

"I think I heard semething of that kind at Skinner's, but it may have been only a warning to me, traveling alone,"

"That's so," said Collinson, with a tender solicitude, "but none of these yer roo agents would have teched a woman. And yer Chivers ain't the man to insult one, either."

much. But it was overlooked by Collinson who was taking his gun from beside the tree where he had placed it. "Where are you going?" she said suddenly. "I recken them fellows ought to be warned

of what you heard. I'll be back in a minit." "And you're going to leave me-when-when we've only just met after these years," she said, with a faint attempt at a smile which, however, did not reach the cold glit ter of her eyes. "Just for a little, honey. Besides, don't

you see, I've got to get excused, or we'll have to go off to Skinner's or somewhere, Sadle, for we can't stay in thar along o'

"So you and your wife are turned out of your home to please Chivers," she said, attil smiling.

"That's whar you slip up, Sadie," said Collinson, with a troubled face, "for he's that kind of a man thet if I jest as much as hinted you was here he'd turn 'em allout o' the house for a lady. Thet's why I don't propose to let on anything about you till to-morrow." "To-morrow will do," she said, still

smilling, but with a singular abstraction in her face. "Pray don't disturb them now. He is enough to warn them of any approach from the trail. I'm tired and ill-very ill! Sit by me here, Seth, and wait! We can wait here together-we have waited so long, Seth-and the end has come now."

She suddenly lapsed against the tree, and slipped in a sitting posture to the ground. Collinson cast himself at her side, and put bie arm around ber. "Wot's gone o' ye, Sade? You're cold and

a thrill that sent the blood leaping to his sick. Listen. Your boss is just over that cheeks that he heard the man say: feedin'. I'll put you back on him, run in and tell 'em I'm off, and be with ye in a jiffy, and take ye back to Skinner's."
"Wait," she said softly. "Wait." said softly.

"Or to the Silver Hollow-it's not so far." She had caught his bands again, her rigid "What Hollow? Speak!"

"The Hollow whar a friend o' mine struck silver. He'll take yur in.'

Her head sank against his shoulder. "Let me stay here," she answered, "and wait." He supported her tenderly, feeling the gentle brushing of her hair against his cheel as in the old days. He was content to wait holding her thus. They were very silent; her eyes half closed, as if in exhaustion, yet with strange suggestion, of listening in the vacant pupils.

"Ye ain't bearin' anythin', deary?" he said with a troubled face. "No; but everything isso deathly still," she

said in a frightened whisper.

It certainly was very still. A singular

hush seemed to have slid over the landscape; there was no longer any sound from the mill; there was an ominous rest in the woodland, so perfect that the tiny rustle of an uneas in the tree above them had them start; even the moonlight seemed to hang suspended in the air,
"It's like the lull before the storm," she said, with her strange laugh.

But the non-imaginative Collinson was more practical. "It's mighty like that earthquake weather before the big shake that dried up the river and stopped the mill. That was just the time I got the news o' your bein" dead with yellow fever. Lord! honey, I allow allowed to myself thet suthin' was happenin' to ye then."
She did not reply, but he, bolding her figure closer to him, felt it trembling with nervous expectation. Suddenly she threw him off and rose to her feet with a "There!" she screamed frantically, 've come! they've come!"

A rabbit had run out into the moonlight before them, a gray fox had dashed from the thicket into the wood, but nothing

"Whose come?" said Collinson, staring

"The sheriff and his posse! They're surrounding them now. Don't you hear?"

she gasped. There was a strange rattling in the direction of the mill, a dull rumble, with wild shouts and outcries, and the trampling of feet on its wooden platform. Col-linson staggered to his feet, but at the same moment he was thrown violently against his wife, and they both clung helplessly to the tree, with their eyes turned toward the ledge. There was a dense cloud of dust and haze hanging over it. She uttered another cry, and ran swiftly

nbered to shut the door behind him Helooked eagerly toward the she had been scated, and the missile she had been reading rolled from her lap to the floor. He ran toward her to pick it up. -the name she had told him to call her-was passionately trembling on his lips, when she slowly put her veil aside, and displayed a pale, kindly, middle aged face, slightly marked by old scars ill-pox. It was not Alice; it was the real Sister Seraphina who stood before

His first revulsion of bitter disappoint nent was so quickly followed by a realiza tion that all had been discovered, and his sacrifice of yesterday had gone for naught, that he had stood before her, stammering ut without the power to say a word. Luckly for him, his utter embarrasment seemed t her, and to calm that timidity which his brusque, man-like irruption migh well produce in the inexperienced, con templative mind of the recluse. Her voice was very sweet, albeit sad, as she said gently:

"I am afraid I have taken you by sur prise; but there was no time to arrange for a meeting, and the Lady Superior thought that I, who knew all the facbetter see you confidentially. Father Cipriano gave us your address."

Amazed and wondering, Key bowed her to

"You will remember," she went on oftly, "that the lady superior failed to get any information from you regarding the other of one of our dear children whom he committed to our charge through a-a companion or acquaintance-a Mrs. Bar-ker. As she was armed with his authority by letter we accepted the dear child through her, permitted her as his representative to have free access to his sister, and even allowed her, as an unattended weman, to pass the night at the convent. We are, therefore, surprised this morning to receive a letter from him absolutely forbidding any further intercourse, corre spondence or association of his sister with this companion, Mrs. Barker. It was neces inform the dear child of this at sary to once, as she was on the point of writing to this woman, but we were pained and shocked at her reception of her brother's wishes. I ought to say, in justice to the dear child, that while she is usually doctle, intelligent and tractable to discipline, and a devotee in her religious feelings, she is sin gularly impulsive. But we were not prefor the rash and sudden step had taken. At noon to day sheescaped from the convent."

Key, who had been following her with relief, sprang to his feet at this unexpected cultuination.

"Escaped!" he said "Impossible! I mean," he added, hurriedly, recalling him; self, "your rules, your discipline, your attendants are so perfect."

"The poor, impulsive creature has added sacrilege to her madness-a sacrilege we are willing to believe she did not understand for she escaped in a religious habit-my



"IT WAS THE REAL SERAPHINA WHO STOOD BEFORE HIM."

toward the rocky grade. Collinson ran quickly after her, but as she reached the grade he suddenly shouted, with an awful Sadle, for God's sake!" But it was too She had already disappeared, and as he reached the rock on which Chivers had leaped he felt it give way beneath

But there was no sound, only a rush of wind from the valley below. Everything lapsed again into its awful stillness. As he cloud lifted from where the mill had tood, the moon shone on empty space. There was a singular murmuring whispering from the woods beyond that ncreased in sound, and an hour later the dry bed of the old mill stream was filled with a rushing river.

CHAPTER VIII Preble Key returned to his hotel from the convent, it is to be feared, with very little of that righteous ratisfaction which is supposed to follow the preformance of a good deed. He was by no means certain that what he had done was best for the young girl. He had only rhown himself to her as a worldly monitor of dangers of which her innocence was providentially unconscious. In his feverish baste to avert a scandal be had no chance to explain his real feelings; he had, perhaps, even exposed her thwarted impulses to equally naive but more dangerous expression which he migh not have the opportunity to check. He tossed wakefully that night upon his pillow, tormented with alternate visions of her adorable presence at the hotel, and her bowed reminciating figure as she re entered the convent gate. He waited exhad promised and which he believed she would find some way to send. But no mes sage was forthcoming. The day passed and be became alarmed. The fear that her escapade had been discovered again seized him. If she were in close restraint she could beither send to him, nor could be convey to ber the solicitude and sympathy that filled his heart. In her childish frank ness she might have confessed the whole of the convent against him, under his former pretext, but compromise her still more i he boldly called. He waylaid the after on procession; she was not among them Utterly despairing, the wildest plans for seeing her passed through his brain-plans that recalled his hot-headed youth, and a few moments later made him smile at his extravagance, even while it half frightener

"Sister Scraphina is waiting for you in the sliting-room."

him at the reality of his passion. He reached

porter met him on the steps. It was with

the hotel heartsick and desperate.

There was no thought of discovery or scandal in Preble Key's mind now; no doubt or hesitation as to what he would do, as he sprang up the staircase. Be only knew that he bad found her again, and was h He burst into the soom, but this time be

"But this would sufficiently identify her." he said, controlling himself with an effort.

goabroad on our missions in these garments. and they are made all alike, so as to diver rather than attractattention to any individu ality. We have sent private messengers in all directions, and sought her everywhere, but without success. You will understand that we wish to avoid scandal which a more public inquiry would create."

"And you come to me," said Key, with a return of his first suspicion, in spite of his eagerness to cut short the interview and be free tonet—"to me, almost a stranger?"

'Not a stranger, Mr. Key," returned the religiouse, gently, "but to a well-known man a man of affairs in the country where this unhappy child's brother lives-a friend who seems to be sent by Benven to find out this brotherforus and speedthis news to him, We ome to the old pupil of Father Cipriano, friend of the Holy Church; to the kindly gentleman who knows what it is to have dear re lations of his own, and who only yesterday was seeking the convent to--

"Enough!" interrupted Key, hurriedly, with a slight color. "I will go at once. I d not know this man, but I will do my best to findhim, Andthis-this-younggirl? youse you have no trace of her. May she not still be here? I should have some clue by which to seek her-I mean that I could give to her brother."

"Alas! we fearshe is already faraway from here. If she went at once to San Luis, she could have easily taken a train to San Francisco before we discovered her flight. We believe that it was the poor child's intent to join her brother so as to intercede for her friend-or, perhaps, alas! to seek her." "And this friend left yesterday morning?"

he said quickly, yet concealing a feeling of retief. "Well, you may depend on me! And now as there is no time to be lost, I will make my arrangements to take the next train He held out his hand, paused, and said in

almost boyish embarrassment: "Bid me od speed, Sister Seraphina!" "May the Holy Virgin aid you," she said gently. Yet, asshepassed out of the door, with a grateful smile, a characteristic react came over Key. His romantic belief in the interposition of Providence was not without a tendency to apply the ordinary rules of hu man evidence to such phenomena. Sister Seraphina's application to him seemed little short of miraculous interference, but what if it were only a trick to get rid of him; while the girl, whose escapade had been discovered, was either under restraint in the convent or hiding in Santa Luisa? Yet this did not prevent him from me chanically continuing his arrangement for his departure. When they were completed and he had barely time to get to the station at San Luis, he again lingered in

The appearance of a servant with a tele graphic message at this moment seemed to be an answer to this instinctive feeling. He tore it open hastliy. But it was only a single

vague expectation of some determining

I met "Snip" with I first came to New York. He was an evening newsboy who haunted Park Row, and he had such a queer voice and was so queer in his looks that he attracted attention above all other boys, One evening I took him over into City Hall Park and asked:

"Snip, how old are you?"
"Going on ten, sir." "Do you live at home?"
"No, sir; I have no home. Father and mother are both dead, and I have no

others or sisters."

Where do you put up?

"With Aunt Mary, down on Pearl street." 'Can you read or write?" "No sir: but I can tell money and change

We took a liking to each other from the start. I wanted him to go to school, but he was a born gamin. I offered to buy him a suit of clothes, but he preferred to pick up a garment here and there which had seen its best days. He did sceept and wear an overcoat, but I don't think he ever felt exactly comfortable in it-at least not un til it became dirty and greasy and the boys could no longer taunt him with being an aristocrat. Sometimes I had Snip wash his face and comb his hair and go to lunch with me, but it hurt his feelings and he went under compulsion. He preferred to have me go down on Frankfort street with table and got two ancient sandwiches and a glass of watered milk for a nickel. Knives and forks and napkins put him out and made him feel tired.

When Saip got dead broke he knew where

to find me. When he got licked by a bigger boy he came to me for consolation. several occasions when "The Gang" tried to drive him off the street because e was "a-gettin" to be a Vanderbilt," went down and got the police to see him through: and twice when he was arrested with others for disturbing the peace I went to the Tombs and begred W got to be "pards"-Snip and I. I

him for a dozen reasons, but principally because he was a genuine type of the New York waif who was fighting his way. His self-reliance and energy were could down him, and it was rarely that he gave way to discouragement. Early in the battle I went down and gave Aunt Mary the tip not to turn him out when he failed to square up, but the boy didn't know of this. At long intervals he would come to me for a "stake," but he had pride in trying to take care of imself. I wanted Snip to grow up something better than a gamin, and that was n his blood and couldn't make a change. He wasn't vicious, but he was a street Arab in the fullest sense. He knew New York from the Battery to Hariem, and nothing pleased him so well as a night out. We walked the Bowery at midnight together we descended into the dives and rum holes and dasee houses. Once or twice during the first year of our ac-quaintance I got Snip into a barber shop and had his hair but, but he felt so bad about it that I cented to experiment after awhile. He managed to look reasonably lean on Sundays, but my attempt to slick bim up on weekslays was a failure. A month ago I saw that Suip was fail-ing in health. He had always been as bard as nails, but the rough life was be-ginning to tell on him. He made light of his aliment, but the day came when I ad to go down and have a talk with Aunt Mary about him. She advised the hospital, and after much coaxing I got him to go there. He said it was too stylish for him, and that eleeping on a regu lar bed and eating chicken soup would make a booby out of him, but at length I got him to go. The doctors said that it was a case of quark consumption, and that he could not hold out long, and after a bit the boy suspected the true state of affairs. He went to his death like a man, lowever. Not once did he whimper or On the contrary, he hoped pe. He would say to me as I

sat beside his cot 'I'm bound to git up, pard-bound to de Me'n you has got lots of things to do this summer, and I don't want you to go pards with any other boy. I'm square, you are square, an' we jest want to keep

on bein' pards." One night, when no one helieved that his and was so near, Snip realized that the hand of death was upon him. He knew they could not send for me at that hour, and so he said to the nurse:

"Git a pencil and paper and write sunthin' fur me. I've got a knife, a pair of dappers, a harmonican, and 'leven cents in money. Write it down that Henveevery thing to my ole pard, and that I thought of

him last of all!" And next day when I called to see him I found that penciled message and him lying dead. They had him in a pauper's coffin ready for burial in a pauper's grave. I would not have it so. He sleeps in a grave in another field, and I hope it is well with his immortal spirit. Other boys have come to me and would call me "partner," but I can't do it. Snip was my earliest and last, While he lay dying and yet hoping, he asked me to be loyal to our friendship, and though he sleeps his last sleep I will wait.-Detroit Free Press.

A Peculiar Will.

The Neue Wiener Tag blatt prints at length he amazing last will and testament of a wealthy old eccentric who died lately a: Hadersdrof am Kemp: "I bequeath the whole of my property, movable and immova-ble," says be, "to my six nephews and my six nicces, but under the sole condition that every one of my nephews marries a woman named Antonie, and that every one of my nieces marries a man named Anton." welve are further required to give the Christian name Antonic or Anton to each first-born child, according as it turns out to begirlorboy. Themarriageof each nephew and nicce is also to be rejebrated on one St. Authony's days, other January 17, May 10 or June 13. Each is further required to be married before the end of July, 1896. nephew or niece remaining unmarri Amonie or an Anton after that date forfeits half of his or her share of the property."

Not a Perfect Musician.

Rubinstein was undoubtedly inaccurate at imca. People who held scores through those long programmes could easily find that out. He not only embroidered even Beethoven, but was probably quite as good as what he hap pened to forget, and always extremely in eresting. Still, it was not note for note, and that is what the dullards gloated over Bulow was more accurate, but even Bulow forgot or manufactured a bar or two oc asionally. But these, if spots, were spots in the zun, and certainly all Rubinstein did or left undone serve but to accentuate his in dividuality and display his genius in new and

Yankee Notions in Japan.

As Japon has no law or treaty with this ountry, whereby American patents secure e protection afforded them by nearly every therpart of the world, the thrifty Japstake ed advantage of Yankee ingenuity. Consequently, there are to be found in that y thousands of useful "Yankee no-manufactured without fear of in-



(Copyright, 1895.

Widow Grant's brave fight to bring up ber orphaned grandchildren had won the silent respect of the Glen, and when it was eported that Lily had obtained a place in London and would leave in three weeks the fathers gave themselves up to consid erations of the incident on all its sides.

"Nae wumman in the pairish hes dune her duty better than Janet Grant," said Drum shough, with authority, "She's been an example tae every man o's. It's auch teen year laist Martinmas sin her docther's man ran aff and his puir wife came hame toe dee, leavin' her mother the chairge of sax young bairns.

"'Ye canna dae't withoot help, Janet," says I tae her: 'ye 'ili need a bit alooa acefras the pairish, an' a'll get it for ye next boord. A shilling a week ilka bairn'ili gang a lang wy in yir hands."

Thank ye, Drumsheugh.' She wes standing at her gate and drew herself up straicht. 'An' a' the neeburs hev been freendly; but there's never been ane o' ma bluid on the pairish, an' there never wull be sac lang as the Almichty leaves me ma rea son an' twa airms.

"'Mary had a puir life o't, an' she deed o' the disgrace her man pit on her. 'A'm gaein' awa,' she said tae me, 'an' 'ave juist ae thing tae ask, mither. Dinna lat the bairns gae on the pairish; bring 'em up tae wark an' tae respeck themsels.' A gied her ma word, an' a'll keep it. She lookit graund, fouks," wound up Drumsheugh. "She's rael Drumtochty, is Janet," re marked Jamie Soutar; "for doonricht pride

an' thraunness ye 'ill no get their marra in What for did she no tak Scottand. alcoance? She wud hae been a gude few notes the better a' thae years; mony an' 'cor's wark she might has spared hersel. "Noo gin Janet hed been a wumman a proper specit o' humility and kent her pince she wud hae gruppit a' she cud get, an'

beggit frae the neeburs, an' gotten on bette than ever. But if she didna sit up at nicht makin' the bairns' claithes, and wark in the fields a' day tae earn their schuling an' a' tae keep her independence, as the ca't. A've seen Janet come intae kirk wi' the sax bairns afore her, an' she cudna hae cairried her head higher hed she been the Cocutesa o' Kilspindie "A'm judgin' this kind o' specrit's in th

verra air o' the Gien, for there's juist twa auld weemen on the -pairish; ane o' them's blind, the liber's had a stroke; nalther bem hes a freend, an' baith o' them muri

every day they canna wark."
"Janet's an able wumman," broke it Hillocks, who was much given to practical detail; "a've seen her bens layin' in the dead o' winter, and she hed a coo, a' mind, at gied half as muckte milk again as any too in oor toon. As for plannin', she got ma Sunday blacks when they were ney far through wi't, an' gin she didna first mak a jacket for Chairlie 'at did him for for year, an' a'm dootin' she hes tae pay for him yet, he's no the help he micht hae been as far as a' can mak oot; ch. Drumsheugh?"

"Gin it weens for him daein' naethin and livin' on his family, Hillocks, Lily micht stay wi' her grannie, and keep Janet comfortable in her auld age. But they ave cover him, baith his grappie and his sister, till ye wud think there wes never a better-daein' lad gied oot o' the Glen Whatever they say among themsels, they'll no say a word ootside.

What they did say in Janet Grant's cottage that evening was sad enough. "Weel, weel, lassie, there wes sax tae begin wi', an' twa died o' the dipthery-eh, but Doctor MacLure wes kind that timeand twa mairried and gled awa, an' Chairlie . . in Ameriky, an' there's juist yersel left, and I wes trustin' ye wud stay wi yir auld grannie an' close her een."

Dinna speak that foolish wy, grannie." but Lilv's voice had to break in "Ye're lokin' fresher than mony a young wummen, and' ye ken a'm tae hame at a time, maybe ilka three

"It's a lang road, Lily, tae Lunnon an' ili tae traivel; a' may be dead and buried afore ye come back, an' a'll be terrible lonely, juist like a bird when the young anes are taken awa."

"Gip ye say anither word a'll fling up ma place, an' never gang intae service ava; it's no ma wush tae leave the Glen an' gang sa far frae hame. But we mann pay the man in Muirtown what Chairlie borrowed, else cor name 'ill be

"It's disgraced encuch already with sic a useless fellow; he's his father over again—a fair face, a well-dressed back, a cunning tongue, an' a faulse heart. There's no drop o' Grant bluid in him, lassie; there's times I wish he was dead," and Janet's voice trembled with pussion "Wisht, wisht, grannie, he's mither's only son, an' she wes prood o' him, a've heard ye say, an' he 'ill maybe mend; div ye ken a' wes juist imaginin' that he set tae work and githered a lot o' siller, an paid back a' ye hae dune for him.

"Ye 'ill no be angry, but a' telt Marget Hoo ae day aboot oor tribble an' ma houp o' Charlie-for ye canna look at Marget an' no want tae unburden versel-an' she said, 'Dinna be ashamed o' yir dreams, Lily; they 'ill a' come true some day, for we canna think better than God wull dae."

"Marget Hoo is nearer the heart o things than ony body in the Glen, an' a'm prayin' she may be richt. Get the bukes; its time fer oor readin'." And Janet asked that "the heart o' him that wes far awa micht be a kind brother to his sister."

No girl has gone to service in London before, and the Glen took a general interest in Lily's- outfit. The wright mad her kist of sound, well-seasoned wood, and the Glen, looking in from time to time, highly approved of its strength and security. Sandie was particularly proud of an inner compartment which he had contrived with much ingenuity, and which was secured by a padlock whose key defied mitation. "Noo, you see, if ony ill-conditi

wratch got intae the kist, he micht get goon or a jajeket, but he wudna able to titch her siller. Na, na, what she wins she keeps; ma certes, that boxic 'ill "Ye ken what ye're aboot, wricht," said Hillocks, who felt that no one going

to distant parts could take too many pre-cautions, "an' ye've turned oot a wiselike kist; sall, Lily 'ill dae weel gin she Concerning the filling long and anxious ultations were held in Janet's kitchen. and Elspeth Macfadyen was called in as specialist, because she, had been once in service herself, and because her sister was cook in the house of the Provost of

Meirtown. manna gang a saxpence intae

an' oot--nae show on the back and poverty ablow; that's puir cleidin' (clothing) for Christian foulk." "Lily's savit aucht pund at the lodge, an' a' can spare two or three. How mony dresses and sic-like 'ill she need tae begin respectable, for the boose an' the

"Elly, 'ill need twa prints for certain, an' ae black dress for the house, an' an-ither dress for gaein oot tae kirk or tae see her friends. She wud be better o' a third print an' a second ootside goonfor a bit change, ye ken. Then she maun hae a bonnet for Sabbath an' a bat tae gae oot a message in forby. The ither things 'ill hae already.' for Eispeth had been going over the matter carefully

for weeks, "ye 'ili be gled to gie ye ony help in ma poor." Three hours did they spend next Friday in the Murrown shop, examining, selecting, calculating, until Lily's humble outfit, was complete and Elspeth's full list overtaken save the third print and a merinogown

on which Janet had set her heart.
"We haena the means," and Janet went over the figures again on her fingers, "an' sae ye maun juist wait. Gin the price o' butter keeps up, ye 'ill hae them afore the New Year, ap a'll send them up in a bit parcel. " Havers what what sad a' stairve masel for? hae fear o' that; but keep's a' what's Drumsbeugh aifter here?"

"Hoo are ye a' the day?" said the great man, fresh from a victory over a horse dealer, in which he had wrested a price beyond the highest expectation of Drum "can ye gie me a hand wi' twa or three bit trokes, Ispeth?" and the two disappeared in the recesses of the shop.

'A' heard ye were here, an' a' wes wonderin' hoo the siller was handle' out



The Lonely Fireside but she michtna mind Lily gettin' a bit present frae a neebur, juist tae bandselber new kist, ye ken," and Drumsbeugh pressed wo notes into Elspeth's bands, and escaped from the stranger by a side door. When the parcel was opened that evening, for the joy of going over its contents, Janet turned on

Elspeth in flerce wrath: "What did ye dae this for, Elspeth Macfayden? an' behind nm back. Ye ken a' didna pay for that twa, and that a'll no tak an ounce o' tea let alone two goon without payment. Pit the goons up, Lily, an' a'll gie them back the mornin', though a' hae tae walk the hale twal mile tae Muirtown."

"Dinna be so hasty, Janet." Elspeth was provokingly calm. Ye needna be feared that Drumsheugh didna pay for his order, a' see nae use in flinging it back in his ye can see a new glen; it wis soond an' in-face; but ye maunoa lat on tae himselfor the structive. Did he tich on Paul and James? warld or tell a livin' soul."

When Lily's box was pecked on Thursday vening her grandmother would have slipped in all the household treasures that could be introduced between layers of soft goods. and sent the eight-day clock had it been a suitable equipment for a young woman enering service in London. The box was taken down to Kildrummie station in one of Drumsheugh's carts, padded round with straw lest the paint be scratched, but Hillocks came with his dog cart and drove Lity down in state, carrying in her right hand a bunch of flowers from Jamie Soutar's garden, and in the other a basket contain ing a comb of honey left by Posty, without remark; a dozen eggs from Burnbrae, and two pounds of perfect butter from Janet's

These were intended as a friendly offering from the Gien to Lily's new household, that she might not appear empty-handed. but the peppermints that filled her pocket were for herself, and the white milk scones on the top of the bag, with a tottle of milk, were to sustain Lily on the long jour bey. Janet shook hands with Lity twice, once at the cottage door and again after she had taken her place beside Hillocks, but Janet did not kiss Lily, for whom whom she would have died, and whom she did not expect to see again in this life; nor were their farewell words affecting. Lily, an' ye 'll need the watch it at the junctions; keep the basket wi' the eggs in yir hands, for fear semebody sits on't.

an'. Lily, wamman, for ony sake haud yir goon aff the wheel when ye're gettin' doon at Kildrummie. Ist' comin' tae a

"A" wudna say but there micht be a scowle afore nicht; it "Il freshen the neeps fine." And so Lily departed. It was a curious coincidence that Jamie Soutar had some "troke" in Muirtown

that day, and traveled in the same cur-riage with Lity, beguiling her from sorrow with quaint stories and indirect shrewd advice. As he was rather early for his business he had nothing better to do than see Lily off by the London express, adding to her commissariat a pack-age of sweets from the refreshment room (pin) fall, an' a' said tae massel, 'Chairlie' and an illustrated paper from the bookstall.

"Dinna be ower cast doon abot him nor He shambled along beside her carriage gie up houp. He's young an thochtless an and an illustrated paper from the bookstall. to the extreme edge of the pintform, and he 'ill maybe tak a turn sure the last thing Lily Grant saw as she went forth into a strange land was Jamie waving his hand, It showed that the old man's memory was beginning to fail that, instead of going down to the town, he went back by the midday train to Kildrummie, giving Janet a cry in the eve ing, and assuring her that Lily was so far

on her journey in "graund heart."

It was covenanted between them that Lily should send Janet a "scrape o' the pen" on arrival, as an assurance that she was safe, and the eggs, and should write in a while at full length, when she had settled dobt a'll buy the best black silk in Lond down to her work and found a kirk. The for ye, an' gin a'm spared tae come had Glen waited for this letter, with expectation and regarded it as a common property, so that when Posty delivered it to Janet he sat down without invitation, and indicated that he was ready to receive any

tit-bits she might offer for his use.

wnd ye believe it, they hae the gas lichtit by 2 o'clock in the aifternoon, an' the fog's encuch the smoor ye; it's go veccious c

"There's waur things than cauld," said Posty, who had started that morning in wenty degrees of frost; "is she wearyin'?" 'Whiles a'm dootin', puir lassie; when she hes half an 'oor tae herself, she gaes up the her room and takes sot a pokie (bag) o' rose leaves we dried in the sim-mer. The smell o' them brings up our bit gairden and me stannin', as plain as day,

by way of spology.
"Aye, nye," and Posty looked steadily from hi

it the door. Fonk tak notions, a've heard,

when they're far from hame," added Janet,

"It's eatin' an' drinkin' frae mornin till nicht, Lily says; an' the verra ser-vants bae meat three times a day, wi' beer tae their dinner. An' the wyste cowes a'; she says Eispeth Macfayden wud get her livin' frae amang their feet."

"A' dinna think muckle o' beer," ob-served Posty; "there's nae fusion in't; naither heat for the stamach nor shairp ness for the intelleck."

"A set o' extravagant hizzies." contin ed Janet; "fur on their jaickets, like leddies, an' no a penny in the bank. They meeout get their wages, aff the spend them on finery. Ane o' them borrowed five shillings frae Lily tac get her boots soled." "Lord's sake, that's no cannie," and

Posty awoke to the dangers that beset a young girl's path in the great Baby-"teil Lily, whatever she dis, tae a haud o' her siller.' "Ye're richt there, Posty. Lily's juist ower saft-hearted, and she has a rey lot by trimmies the deal wi.' Wod ye credit it, ilk ane o' them hes 'Miss' on her letters, an' gin freends come tae see them they

maun ask for Miss this an' that; a' pit 'Lily Grant, Hoosemaid,' on ma let-"Ye're wrang there, Janet," interrupted Posty; "what for sud ye ca' doon yir ain, an' her sic a fine lassie? Ma openion is that a Drumtochty wumman hes as gude a richt tae Miss as her neebors, Sall, gin a' entch ve' sendin' aff anither 'Lily,' a'll whup in the Miss masel; but is there word aboot the kirks?" for Posty

that these trifling details were keeping them from the heart of the matter. "A'm comin' tae that, an' it's worth sarin', for the ignorance o' that London fook is by ordinar. When she askit the ear road tae the kirk, paebody in the hoose cud tell her whether it wes east or

Posty wagged his head in pity, "So she gied oot an' fell in wi' a polisman, an' as luck would hae it, he wes a Scotchman. 'Come awa, lassie,' he said, a' see where ye're frae; it's a mercy ye didna fa' intae the hands o' some of ma neebors; they mich that sent yeaffine Metho-odies, an' they wad hat gleu ye a fricht wi'

"Yin' Hallelujah." "
"A graund body." interpolated Posty, "but clean astray on the decrees."
"'Youder's the place," says he, 'an' ye pit yir collection in a plate at the door; there's nae ladies, but there's a coutble wumman keeps the door in the gallery, an'

ne 'lil gie ye a seat.'
"She kent it wes her aln place when she saw a properly ordained minister in the pulpit, wi' his goon and bonnie white bands; and when they started the Hundredth Psalm, her beart cam intae ber mouth, an' she cutaa sing a word."
"Wes there an organ?" demanded Posty,

with the manner of one that has a duty to perform, and was on his goard against scutiment. "A'll no tell ye a lee. Posty, there wes an' of coose Lily didna like it, but she

wes terrible pleased wi' the sermon. As for the organ, it juist boomilled awa an'shenever let on she beard it."
"Dis she gie the texts an' deveesions

and Posty smacked his lips.
"It's no likely she wud forget that, nifter gaein' ower them ilka Sabbath nicht here sin she wes a wee bairnie 'Faith without works is dead.' James, "Aye, aye," cried Potsy, impatiently; "a

testin' text; ye cudna hae a better tae jidge a man by; hoo wes't handled?" "Three heads. First, 'True religion is a principle in the soul'-Posty nodded, 'that's faith.' Second, 'It is a practice in the life'warks, mermured Posty. Third, With-

out a principle in the soul there can't be a practice in the life." "A' see naethin' wrang there, Janet; it's maybe no verta orceginal, but that's naethe and if he wanted tae gie the lassic a fairin', here nor there; gin ye stand on yir head

he wud be sure to be reconcilin' them."
"That's a' she writes on the sermon, but she gied intae the vestry wi' her lines, an'

he heard her tongue. "His English slippit aff in a meenut, an' not cam the auld torque; he's a Perthshire man himsel, though frae the sooth end, ar his wife's second cousin is merried fae the minister o' Kildrammie's brother, so ve micht ray he wes conneckit wi' Drum-

tochty "He telt her tae count him a freend noo that the wes among strangers, an' tae send for him in tribble, an' Lily declares that she exed back that mornin' wi' her heart fu' of comfort an' gledness. So ye may tell the neeburs that Lily's daen' weel in London. She sends her respects the Drumsbeugh, and ye'ill say the Jamie Soutar that Lily

was askin' for bim."



Janet Came Intac Kirk Wi' the San

When Posty departed, Janet read the last part of Lily' sletter slowly to herfouk, an ae petection, a' thocht, wes for us, grannie: 'Remember any one about whom

his friends are anxious,' and he stopped for

"A've savit five pund aff ma wages an' a'm sendin't in a note for a' didn want the fouk at the postoffice tae ken oor affairs. "Noo, gin ye be writin' Chairlie, wull ye slip in a pund juist as a bit reminder o' his

sister an' the ither fower 'ill help tae pae

the Muirtown debt. "Dinna think a'm scrimpin' maset or dacin' onything mean. After a've spent gax pound a year on claithes and little trokes, an' three on ma kirk, a'll hae aucht ower for the debt.

When the laist penny's paid o' Chairlie's debt a'll buy the best black silk in London tae the summer sacrament, we 'ill gang the

"Twa silly weemen," said Ja self, "for he's juist a ne'er-due-weel . . . an' yit, gin he came in noo, a' wud gie him the claithes aff ma back, an' sae

debt," and Janet laid down preliminary "Lily's keepin' her health, but she's no wud Lily. For the look in his 'een an' the conditions, "an' a'thing sud be genuine, in awfu' ta'en up wi' the climate o' London; soun' o' his voice."